The War Cry

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA.

The All Round The World

REGISTERED JUNE 1885

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LETTER

FROM THE

Chief of Staff.

My Dear Comrades:

I feel it in my heart to say a few things to you in this hour of trial.

First. I want to thank you for the great sympathy which you feel with me in this attack, which, through me, I have every reason to believe, is made upon our dear Army; and in the attempt which I cannot question is being put forth with so much strength and ability to discredit the terrible revelations of vice and crime and cruelty which have been recently made, and to discourage our friends from helping us to persevere in the Christ-like work of delivering the young girls who are in danger of falling, and those who have already left the path of virtue, and are living lives of sorrow and shame.

It is impossible for me to answer all the affectionate letters I have received. I take this method of doing so, and thanking you more than all, for your earnest prayers.

Second. I feel that I must also, in a few words, describe to you exactly what my action has been in the matter for which I stand committed for trial at the criminal bar of the Old Bailey.

My mouth is closed against any comments upon the character of the examination before the magistrate, or upon the bearing and observations of the magistrate himself, and I am also prevented asking some questions as to the conduct of those who have brought about this prosecution, which some day will have to be asked, and which sooner or later will have to be answered.

But there cannot be any objections to my saying—not because you ask for it, for I know that you believe me incapable of the offence laid at my door—that my connection with the matter is as follows:

(a) I knew absolutely nothing of this child—where she had come from or what had been done with her—until I was asked to provide a home for a homeless girl on the even ng before the day that she was received into the care of The Army.

(b) I took her because I was informed and believed that she had been abandoned by her mother to destruction of the most frightful kind. Just in the same way as I had taken a week before, another girl, aged fourteen, who had been enticed into the same house to which Mr. Stead took Eliza, and had there been drugged and violated by a vile wretch, who so far as I know is still walking about seeking other innocent children.

Third. The idea of changing the religious opinions of the child never entered into my mind. Indeed from what I had heard I should not have imagined that it was the child or her parents professed any religious opinions at all.

Fourth. While the cry was raised on behalf of the child, I certainly was very reluctant—in consequence of my belief of the destruction that awaited her—to allow her to go back to it. Still had I received from the mother a definite request for this I should have felt legally bound to deliver her up, and should have unquestionably done so. When Mrs. Armourer called upon me she was undecided, and I sent her to consult her husband, and she agreed that I should keep her decision through the post office.

I did not mention £100, or request the payment by her of a shilling that the child might have cost. Indeed, the child was no expense to The Army, as whatever was paid on her account had been guaranteed by others when I agreed that she should be taken charge of.

Fifth. From the first moment it I saw the police I considered I was working in harmony with their wishes. This I think is shown by my letter to Scotland Yard in which I asked the police if they had heard from the mother, and told them that I was relying on them to let me know what the mother really did wish, by my office to give her up to the proprietor of "Lloyd's Newspaper," and by my production of her the very first time that I knew the parents really wanted her.

Sixth. If there was any technical breach of the law before I undertook the protection of the girl, I was ignorant of it; and if my retaining her was a breach of the law, or even contrary to the wishes of the authorities, I was ignorant of that also. I simply took Eliza Armstrong with a view to rescue her from an evil life, intending to have her watched over and brought up for a life of virtue and religion, and what I did was done in total ignorance that any person having legal control over the child were likely to make any objection to that course.

Four months past I have been overwhelmed with the burden of shame and sorrow which the diabolical crimes against the children of the poor, recently brought to light, have laid upon me. For many weeks I was as one living in a dream of hell, the cries of outraged children, and the smothered sobs of those imprisoned in living tombs were continually in my ears. I could not sleep; I could not take my food. At times I could not pray; and it was during the agonies of that time that I resolved that no matter what the consequences might be, I would do all I could to stop these abominations, to arouse public opinion, to agitate for the improvement of the law, to bring to justice those adulterers and murderers, and to rescue the poor victims of lust. Now that consequences which I little anticipated have come upon me I shall not flinch. I am aware that those who expose the doings of immoral men must expect to be attacked in return, and that those who snatch the life prey from the destroyer must suffer as their Lord and Master.

And so to-day though I am sorrowful I am rejoicing, amidst slander and betrayal and misunderstanding—nay, I will rejoice, even if bonds and imprisonment await me, conscious that all I have done has been done for the rescue and deliverance of the poor and the oppressed and those who were ready to perish, for the glory of God and the good of the people.

Pray for me as I do for you. *Above all go on rescuing the girls and children.*

Your affectionate Chief,

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

LATEST DESPATCHES.

OCT. 14th.—*Opened fire on Beebe's Plain, Stanstead, on Sunday, 11th. Big crowds; good order; one soul. Great expectations. Report to follow.*

Staff-Capt. Young, D. O.

HALIFAX, N. B., OCT. 12 h.—*Dartmouth ablaze, opening grand; large crowds; good order; four souls.*

Capt. Jones.

BLOOMFIELD.—Lieut. Hart. Glory to God for victory during the last week. The devil is loosing some of his best servants and doesn't like it one bit, he would like to discourage us, but we mean to rush right on in spite of all the devils in hell. Grand meetings all week,

Six precious souls

wept their way to Calvary and Jesus set them free.

MONTREAL 2.—Captain Carpenter. Glory to God! We are still marching on in the strength of our King who has promised never to leave us. The meetings this week have been powerful, God has been working in the hearts of the people in such a manner that they were obliged to keep quiet and listen to the gospel truths. Sunday, good order all day, and people so deeply convicted they almost trembled in their seats. In the evening just as we were closing three prodigals fell at the feet of Jesus who alone can save. We praise God because He is willing to take the backsliders in if they will only come to Him. Hallelujah!

CEDAR DALE.—Lieut. Woolley. Came here yesterday and found a few faithful Soldiers, and had a few to help us from Oshawa. We had good meetings and God manifested Himself in saving one soul, and convicting a great many more. Our prayer is Lord trouble them until they get saved. We are believing for great things here. Amen.

KENDALL.—Cadet Nelson. Praise God for victory over sin and the devil. We had glorious meetings all day Sunday, one dear sister came out feeling her need of a Saviour, and glory to God He set her free. We mean Kendall for Jesus.

Bro. Azariah Shenston

—AND—

Sister Nancy Shenston's

VISIT TO THE

Great Demonstration

IN TORONTO.

NANCY'S LETTER TO MRS. COOMBS.

MRS. COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

My Dear Sister and Comrade,

"Since I seen you at th' business ov "etc.se laying, we shall never think wo- "man kanuot fill an important place in "society, and I must thank you kindly, "for coming to th' front in such a man- "ner, as a representitive of th' woman- "kind, and seoh a noble exposiher of "femminine bravery and grace. Flat- "tery dohases the giver and receiver, but "its no flattery in say you did your work "Well. I said to Azariah when yo wur "risin', 'That splendacious silver trowel "—God bless th' lass — an' look how "weel she uses it.' Your remarks con- "cerning th' General, were simply grand. "When yo said he would advise us to "'Go On,' 'Go On,' we shall in spoit "of every opposishun. I could see yo "war labourin' under some emotion, an', "as one femile heart throbs i' sympa- "thie wi' another, I thowt if yo would'nt "be vext—just by th' way o' word—send "yo a word o' consolation. I pray yo to "be made meear than ever a 'Mother in "Israel.' I am nicely saved."

YOURS, Fighting,

NANCY SHENSTONE

Bi I go any further, Mr. Editor, wood yo mind—wen yn've nothin' else to do—to fill up an empty corner in th' "War Cry," an' just put na notarnd folk an explanaiion o' Az'ariahs illness, beginnin' with th' General. I also thowt I sood say my A. B. C., but somehnw, I soot understood this Army A. D. C. and D. U., and wot is th' partikler work they owt to do. Mysel and Nancy were quite lost when Kommishuner said A. D. C. Marcotts will sung a Salvation song. Nance thowt she'd see a nice lass got up, but, instead, it wur one o' thoose Calvary men, who war ridin' in th' front o' th' procession. "Toal man can sing.",

But I must tell yo that we war delitefously pleased with all th' proceedings at that noble streeter, an' every item is written on our hearts, an' not only us, but hundreds o' other hearts were blessed and uplifted, as they seen our dear Kommishuner rewarded for his toil with something more substantial than a Jonah's Gourd, but, with a Temple and Tedquarters worthy o' th' people, who mean to use it to th' Glory of God and Salvation of souls. May it goo up new rest, an' may th' Salvation Army flag ever fly oe'r its ramparts. "Isn't it the flag that shoi waves for ever?" An' ov th' people said, "Amen!" And is it Salomon se says,

"Its the flag that guides the Steerer on the way,
The flag that fills all hell with dismay,
The flag that makes the devil run away,
Is the flag of the Salvation Army."

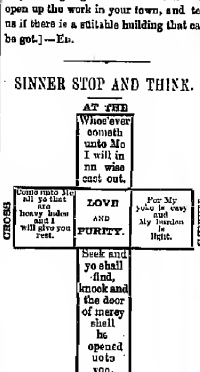
Mysel an' Nance proceeded with th' mass o' people to th' Banquet. Oh! such a Banquet. Everybody wur shakin' hands wi' us, nearly, an' everybody askin' if we wanted soythin' moar to eit an' drink. Nance, as usual, was busy for her allus is on these "Supper-Nazaral" occaions, an' is silus centre attraction. I feel glad I was once permitted to witnes such rivalry as war goin' on. One chap cum up to me an' said "Do ye kno if we can have anything' to ate?" I says, "Where hav yo been sittin?" He says, "Down in you corner o' th' barracks." Now, I said, "Brother, never yo eit in a corner any more at a Banquet, you owt to have moour sound sense; allus sit where there's plenty to eat, that's the proper way as a Banquet." Now, after this grand time were o'er, I've just to say to the Congregaiion as wur at Shaftesbury hall—three th' columns of Our Paper — "Lads an' Lasses, yo constituted jurnals the Christians—that incorner ladies an' gentlemen." I have'nt any gould mysel, if I had I should give it aw away, an' had I th' means I'd treat yo all as Kings do treat their Princes. As for th' Platform, now I'll tell yo wot Nance said, pointin' to th' platform wi' her finger an' wi' a solem countenense, said, "Azariah, there, before us, in th' persons o' them lads an' lasses, there are hundreds o' heroes — an' we both said, God bless them—some on them have bin stuned with strong mobs, strong fists, strong sticks, and bin imprisoned between strong walls for Jesus, so' if the General — God bless him — can't afford a medal for all those an has bin exceptionally deservin in active service—God bless him! aw say again, God allus helps th' General — God'll reward all this noble band, if they ony keep faithful to th' end. Some on 'em with a fright eminence down here, and he put on th' roll of Honorable Mentions in the Land beyond th' blue." I mite, Mr. Editor, say that I have lot I could say, but as Mysel an' Nance are makin' ready for a long journey, a moon out it off here, an' yo mite hear fro us again some day when ite possible. We mite be hundreds an' thousands o' miles apart. I'm glad yo recognized my correspondence, and if ther is or ther isn't anything special goin' on, if Mysel or Nancy can do little or nowt else, we can pray that God will bless th' Army, our beloved General an' Kommishuner, his dear wife an' all the staff, and the Officers and Sowdiers.

Yours, nicely saved,

AZARIAH and NANCY SHENSTON.

[You might give us an invitation to open up the work in your town, and tell us if there is a suitable building that can be got.]—ED.

SINNER STOP AND THINK.



"This Song was found among a lot of papers belonging to Staff-Captain Eastwood. We print it because it was the last he composed.—Ed.

Tune—"*Walkwith me.*"

Can it be that I do worship,
Any idol in my soul,
Can it be that I do cherish
Something which divides my love.

CHORUS.

Sot me free, set me free,
Set me free, set me free,
From this secret, lurking idol
Blessed Saviour, set me free.

Can it be that I am loving,
Cherishing which His did scorn;
Serving that which does prevent me
Joining in the pure one's song.

Is it so that to this temple,
Lurking there beneath the shade,
Is there something which prevents me
Gazing in my Saviour's face.

Lord is it Thy voice I'm hearing,
Calling lovingly to me?
Yes, the idol shall be taken
From Thy temple Lord by Thee.

Thou hast conquered, and will ever,
Ever keep me near to Thee;
Thou hast cleansed me, Thou art living,
Blessed Master, one with me.

2ND CHORUS.

One with Thee, one with Thee,
One with Thee, one with Thee,
Keep me living every moment,
Precious Saviour one with Thee.

A Splendid Photo.

Cabinet size, beautifully finished, of our dear comrade (deceased) Staff Capt. Eastwood, can be had post free by sending 25 cents to

The COMMISSIONER,
22 Queen St., W. Toronto

SIEGE

—OF—

BROCKVILLE!

Tremendous Crowds — Intense Excitement—Diabolus Kicking—Bolts and Bars—Ten days' Rest with Jesus.

VICTORY!

Glowing posters and conspicuous handbills announced our intended attack upon the Brockville sinners. Saturday evening, the 10th inst., was the date fixed.

The town being in a fever heat of excitement when the hour arrived, the people flocked to our hall, where three simple lads, charged with heavenly dynamite, let fly their weapons among the ungodly. Faithfully and fearlessly we dealt with the people, and urged all to turn over to the Lord's side.

The following morning we spent a precious season with God at knee-drill. Our sister sought and found the Lord to the joy of her soul. Hallelujah!

At 10.30 a.m., Capt. Wiggins, Cadet Bell and myself, stood in line on the principal street, and stepped out to the song,

"Storm the forts of darkness, pull them down, down, down."

Having marched thus for a short distance, singing several choruses, we halted on a slightly raised elevation near the Post Office, frequently used by patent medicine men, and fired in among the hoodreds of people with whom we were quickly surrounded. While engaged in singing,

"O'er the battlements of Glory, Holy Ones are looking down."

a gentleman, who proved to be the Chief of Police, stepped up, touched Capt. Wiggins gently with his cane and drew him to one side.

"You are the Captain, I presume?" he said."

"Yes, sir!" answered the Captain.

"We cannot tolerate you disturbing the peace thus," responded the police officer. "You must not act in this manner any more on the streets."

"We will obey God, sir!"

"Well! you understand, if this is repeated, I will have to do my duty and lock you up."

"Perfectly right!" replied the Captain. "Do your duty, and we will do our duty to God."

The intention of the Magistrate to arrest us was soon known, and spread like wild-fire. Accordingly, in the afternoon, some thousands of curious people had accumulated on the street, waiting for us and anxious to see the result.

It was the lot of your humble servant to hold the fort, while the other two threw themselves in the hands of God, and, with hearts full of love for perishing souls, raised their voices as they passed between the masses of people on either side of the street, and sang,

"Oh, yes, there's Salvation for you."

They had not gone far, however, before Capt. Wiggins experienced the application of the Bobby's head to the back of his coat collar. Hopping along in this awkward position, he continued to sing,

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou did'st shed Thy Blood for me;
And though all men should forsake me,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee."

Cadet Bell, meanwhile, was affectionately embraced in the loving arms of a man in a blue coat with brass buttons. Honored with such attention, they were ushered into the precincts of the police station. After an hour's knee-drill and song, just when Capt. Wiggins was feeling for the softest plank, and had found the one with the fewest knots, the gentleman in blue entered, and, after taking their names, stated that they could go, with the understanding that they would appear the following morning at ten o'clock.

During all this, I was going on with the meeting. Oh! how God blessed our souls. The dear Christian people whose hearts were full of sympathy, rallied round me bravely. God bless them! After the lesson was read and as we were entering our experience meeting, the two prisoners entered amid the ringing cheers of the whole audience. Down on our knees we went and thanked God for bringing back our comrades. The meeting went off with a swing. At night God moved in mighty power, and, although there were no visible results, we believe work was done for eternity.

Ten o'clock Monday morning arrived. The prisoners were arranged in court and charged with violating the by-law. After a prolonged discussion, in which the Officers expressed their intention to obey God rather than man, they fell on their knees and prayed that God would bless and save the authorities, and expressed their willingness to go to prison if the Lord desired it. The Magistrate gave them the option of paying one dollar and costs each, or being sent to jail for ten days. He also stated that this being the first offence, he had it in his power to discharge them if they would promise to desist, which, of course, would mean disobedience to God. Rather than this, they took the ten days in Brockville jail. The committal was signed and sealed, and the Chief of Police conducted the two Salvationists to the Prison. I went with them as far as the hall-way which led to the prison door, where I was stopped. Being unable to go any further, I bid good bye and left them with a "God be with you." As I walked away — somewhat sad for their sake—I heard the Cadet singing,

"I'm satisfied with Jesus here, He's everything to me."

my heart breathed the prayer, "Oh, God, give me more of this spirit!"

I hastily walked away from the jail in the direction of my boarding house, meditating as I went "Alone, yet not alone!"

The evening came. I implored the strength of God to assist me. He gave my voice a double volume, and as I paced the main street all alone, my voice rang out in the clear night air, such songs as "The precious Blood is flowing o'er my heart" and "Why don't you come to Jesus?" A thousand people followed. Our present hall holds but three hundred people, yet, we had a blessed time. With the help of a large Cabinet Organ, the singing rolled out grandly, and God blessed and used us. To Him be all the glory. A mighty victory is waiting for Brockville. Yours, to help,

Capt. W. Brokenshire, for

STAFF-CAPT. EARLE, A. D. C.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Capt. Southall. Tremendous advance on the enemy. Victory every engagement, mighty times, enemy completely routed, hell in confusion, Heaven rejoicing, place pecked all day yesterday, ten small, hundreds turned away at night.

Twenty-one captures for the week.

The King shall reign. Hallelujah!

CAMBRAY.—Sargent Mayne's. Praise God we are marching along, we find that Salvation is getting better. Grand meetings all week, the Lord was with us, the devil defeated, Soldiers going in for more holiness.

Seven precious souls

came out and wept at Jesus feet, while deep conviction rested on many people. We are believing for greater victories. We mean Cambray for Jesus.

SEAFORTH.—Capt. Gratian. Praise God for another week of real soul stirring meetings. The Holy Ghost has been manifest in our midst, sanctifying and cleansing our hearts. The Soldiers and the dear Christians going into the fountain to be fully cleansed. Hallelujah! On Friday night, as God was speaking to our hearts, and while we sang,

"I am coming Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy Blood,
That flows from Calvary."

many, who felt their unfaithfulness in the past, came and threw themselves at the dear Saviour's feet, and

Thirteen precious souls

were side by side — the rich and poor alike. Truly we can say that God is no respector of persons. There is an assurance, all must come by way of the Cross. Sunday, God all day. Day convention was resting upon all the meetings, some many so badly wounded that, unless they repent and accept of Jesus, we fear they must be forever lost. Lord, save them! is our cry.

PALMERSTON DIVISION.

—ON THE—

GREAT JUBILEE

—AND—

Anniversary Meetings

—AT—

BRUSSELS.

—GRAND—

Holiness Convention

—AND—

JUBILEE,

—AT—

GODERICH.

TIMES OF GREAT POWER AND BLESSING.

Sinners coming to the Fountain and Jesus putting them right.

HALLELUJAH.

BRUSSELS.

Praise God for victory through the blood. Sunday was indeed a hallowed time with us in Brussels. Early in the morning we partook of a real Hallelujah breakfast, which fortified us for the work of the day, then with the whole gospel armour on and our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and our hearts overflowing with love for dying, perishing souls, we went forth to tell the world of a dying Saviour's love. The 11 a.m. holiness meeting was a blessed time of refreshing, we felt the spirit's power in our midst and were led to make a thorough examination of our hearts in the light of His presence and seek for more power and wisdom to increase our usefulness in our Master's service. The afternoon found us on our knees in the streets pleading with God for the Salvation of the godless masses who lined the street to listen to us. While our comrades testified to the saving and cleansing power of the Saviour's blood we felt our souls going out to God in a continued passionate entreaty for the Salvation of the people who eagerly drank in the words of truth, but alas, it seemed to us, as sheep having no shepherd. Off we marched to the town hall, followed by the people, whose hearts seemed touched as we told of a Saviour's dying love, and our beaming faces bore testimony to the joy and peace of our souls. The evening meeting however was the crowning time. Just before the meeting, while engaged in supplicating our Father's blessing and pouring out our hearts to God, one dear young man came forward and cried for pardon, and received it too. Hallelujah! During the meeting the blessed spirit richly baptised our souls, and as we held up Christ in all his wonderous beauty and marvellous attractiveness, we felt that the power of God rested upon us, and we could see deep conviction and eager longing after holiness so-graven on many a face, but alas, it made our hearts bleed to see so many go away questioning the spirit, with the longings and cravings of their souls unsatisfied, but blessed be God our hearts were made to rejoice as two more souls and one prodigal found pardon and peace at the foot of the Cross, making five for the day. All glory be to God who causeth us always to triumph through Christ Jesus our Lord. Monday nights jubilee was well attended and best of all the dear Lord himself was in our midst and made us jubilant indeed in soul. Judging from the appearance of countenance of the people we believe that many of them went home trying to solve the problem, why the poor, despised Salvation Army are the happiest people on God's footstool. Hallelujah! It is because we have been sold out and are no longer our own, but bought with a price, even the precious blood of Jesus, glory to His dear name.

GODERICH.

Jesus is strong to deliver and mighty to save, and able not only to make us pure in heart, but also to keep us so. Hallelujah! Some of us have it for ourselves. The devil says it's impossible, but he is a liar and the father of lies. On Wednesday we held a special holiness meeting here, and although we found our enemy occupying a strong position and determined to battle us by poisoning the minds of our hearers with his devilish delusions, we met him with the words of the living God and drove him from his strongholds. Hallelujah! As we spoke of the necessity of cleansing, if we would be fit temples for the Holy Spirit to dwell in, and bore testimony to a complete and thorough work of grace in our own hearts, many were led to seek the blessing of a clean heart and we trust they received it too. It fills our hearts with grief to think that so many people are carried away with the delusion that God either does not want to make and keep the heart clean and pure, or else cannot because the devil won't let him. Oh may God in His own great love and mercy remove the evil which today obscures the spiritual vision of thousands of the people of God. The meeting on Thursday night was a time of much rejoicing, our hearts was well filled and everyone seemed happy and grateful to God that we had taken Mary's part and were sitting clean carrying light and joy and peace into so many homes. Capt. Calhoun and Lieut. Miller (formerly of Goderich) were both with us and contributed greatly to the general rejoicing. Both by their presence and stirring testimonies. A many touching experiences were given as also that the spirit was working on the hearts of many of the people, but although deeply convicted they would not yield. We believe however that according to our Father's promise His word did not return void, but that eternity alone will reveal the fruits of that meeting.

Cadet. Stirling for Staff-Capt. Glover.

SAVED FOR ETERNITY.

Original for the "War Cry."

By H. E. C., Halifax.

Tune—"*Lakes of Killarney.*"

Christ the Name high over all,
Sweeter far than life to me,
At His feet I prostrate fall,
There from doubts and fears am free.
Yes, I'm clinging Christ to Thee,
Thou art all my joy and prize,
May Thy precious love to me,
Keep me near Thy bleeding side;
Thou hast died on Calvary
To redeem a wretch like me,
Blessed hope on earth to be
Saved for all eternity.

Yes the name, that precious name,
Fills my soul with Heavenly love,
Sweeter far will be the same
When we meet in Heaven above;
There we'll sing redeeming love,
Glory Hallelujah ring.
Then with all redeemed above,
Raise to praise our Saviour King.
Sinner will you join the throng,
Share in that eternal home,
Christ will ever be our song,
Where we never more will roam.

Sinner, laden with distress,
Jesus wants to be your friend,
Though by sin you are oppressed,
Flood the message Jesus sends,
Come and welcome to the feast,
I will all your sins forgive,
I will be your great High Priest,
And forever you shall live.
I have shed My blood for thee,
Paid the debt on Calvary,
Come and you will happy be,
Saved for all eternity.

PICTON.—Capt. Cook. Praise God for victory. We came here determined in heart to work for God and the Salvation of precious souls and found a band of blood washed Soldiers ready to help us. Saturday night as we stood in the open-air and told the people of Jesus power to save. They came in crowds to hear us and followed us back to our barracks where we had a grand time. Sunday meeting glorious, in the afternoon

One precious soul

came to Jesus, Christians and Soldiers all on fire. The night meeting was grand, as wave after wave of power swept o'er our souls we felt something must give way. Praise God one lad came back to the dear Saviour and found peace and pardon.

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OBESLEY.—Capt. Fisher. Oh I'm glad I'm ready. We praise God that so many are ready to answer to their names when the next general roll is called in Heaven. Hallelujah! And still they come. The show fair was held here last Friday, so we thought instead of our usual holiness we would have a public meeting and give the people from the country a chance to come to the Salvation Army. Beautiful open-air meeting, although the devil grumbled a little, back to the hall which was crowded, meetings went with a swing, platform full of happy looking faces, good attention, deep conviction, down in the prayer meeting we went praying and weeping, and we are enabled to shout victory one soul,

Seven for the week.

Our prayer is that God will keep them.

NAPANEE.—Capt. Low. Hallelujah! We are still marching on in Napanee. Our meetings have been good all week, and Sunday was the best of all. We rejoiced to hear our comrades testify to the power of God to save, and how once they were without money, happiness or peace, but now, since they belong to Jesus, the have all. Though none would yield, we believe there was work done which shall tell in eternity. We feel that some will very soon have to give up, for they are deeply convicted. Lord hasten the time.

—[x]—

ENNISKILLEN.—Lieut. Broadbent. Once more to the battle for God and the right. This morning I thank God for His keeping and saving power. We can say, Victory through the Blood of Jesus. Yesterday was grand, and the power of God was in our midst. The people was very much convicted of their sins, but none would give them up. Some of them asked me to pray for them, and we will till they get saved. We will have the victory, by the help of God. Pray for us.

COLLINGWOOD. — Capt. Dawson. Praise God, we are still marching on and getting on as we go. This past week we have had a heart to hand fight with the enemy. The fight commenced last Monday night, when we made up our minds to keep ourselves of everything that would hinder us in the war and go forward, trusting in God alone, and we know if we always put our trust in Him, we will always come out more than conquerors, which we have proved in the past few days. Thursday night, we had a grand time. As we kept up a heavy fire on the enemy, we could see him giving away more and more until at last, he was glad to retreat altogether, leaving one of his followers on the battle field. Friday night Holiness meeting was a time of power. Saturday night at it again, both in the streets and in the hall, wounding many. Sunday was a grand day to our souls. Our Soldiers was led on by the King of kings, who kept up a continual fire till late at night, and thank God, we won the victory again over the devil. We rejoiced in seeing one prisoner and many wounded. May God hasten the time when we will see them pouring in from the right and left, crying for mercy.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Capt. Matthews. Glory to God! we are still alive. The devil would try to make us believe that we can do no good here, but we mean to march on in spite of the devil and all his followers. After a week of hard fighting,

Two precious souls

came over on the Lord's side. The good-enough devil seems to have full swing here, but we are believing for victory. The prayer of our hearts is, "Lord, save the people of Campbellford!" We will never give in, but fight till we win on for the Blood and Fire flag.

—[x]—

MILTON. — Capt. McKelvie. The good Shepherd is leading us on to victory, and we do thank Him for increasing our congregation more and more every meeting. Sunday's meetings went with a swing all day, and many left the barracks deeply convicted. Hallelujah? They soon shall join the Blood-washed throng.

JARVIS. — Lieut. Dempster. The fight here this week has been hard, and the devil raging on every hand. Good meetings on Sunday. One man got up said that "He had got a blessing from God through he Army, and thought the Army had just as good a right in Jarvis as any other Christian workers. We mean to fight on for we know we shall win, for we fight in the strength of our King.

THORNBURY.—Lieut. Bolton. Arrived here Wednesday, the 7th, to take the devil, and determined with God's help, to make the people hear and feel Salvation, and lift up Jesus to a dying world. The Lord wonderfully blessed us. Although not many in number, we march on in the strength of God. Good meetings in on Sunday and deep conviction. Pray for us comrades that God may break down the stubborn wills, and that our little band may be increased.

STIRLING.—Capt. Teegle. We are truly thankful to God for the victory in the past week. Monday night, grand meeting.

One precious soul

came forward and gave up his whiskey bottle, and is now gloriously saved. He marches the streets and testifies from the platform, Hallelujah! We are believing for many more.

—[x]—

OWEN SOUND.— Capt. Hackett. Hallelujah! We are still whacking away at the old devil here, and, praise God, we are having the victory too.

Two prodigals and one precious soul

came to Jesus and got sweetly saved. Hallelujah! Our motto is Onward and upward.

—[x]—

HAGERSVILLE. — Capt. Budd. Praise God we are still on the march to Zion. This week has been one of victory. We met on Monday night for roll-call, and Jesus met with us and blessed us. Though few in number, yet, Jesus will meet with all that call upon Him. On Thursday, although it rained all day, yet, in the evening, our Banquet was grand. As we marched the streets with torches, drums and red gurneys, the devil did not like to see the Army of the Lord come out so bold, so some of his servants got mud and eggs and threw at us, but, thank God, our Salvation is not on the outside but in our hearts. Praise God. At the close of the Jubilee, our hearts did rejoice to see one backslider and one sinner come to King Jesus' feet. They threw down their arms of rebellion, and now they are fighting the good fight of faith. Hallelujah! The Blood of Christ will wash away sin.

LISTOWELL.—Capt. Lewis. Thank God the past week has been one of fighting, but we have the victory and

One precious soul.

All glory be to our God. Deep conviction resting on the people, and we are believing for a mighty work to be done here in Listowell! Lord hasten the time when we shall see the people down at the foot of the Cross crying for mercy. With more holy living and faith in God, we shall have the victory. One soul for the week. Praise the dear Lord for ever.

Round About the HAMILTON!

—AND—

TORONTO DIVISION'S,

—ON THE—

LORD'S BUSINESS.

HAMILTON DIVISION.

DUNDAS.

Just got in when the meeting was half through, had a real warm, hearty reception from a goodly number of real Blood and Fire Soldiers. Met again on Sunday morning for Hallelujah breakfast, when the power of God came down and filled our souls full of joy and gladness. Some were laughing happy, some shouting happy, and we went forth to conquer the foe, feeling sure of victory, and so we got it over one soul for the Blessing and one for Salvation. Monday finds us riding up hills and around mountains until we come to

ANCASTER,

where we had a splendid Jubilee. Tuesday finds us in

HAMILTON.

Everybody seemingly excited over another army that was in the City, but, all we go with a swinging march with over one hundred in the ranks and Brass Band to the front. Coming back to the barracks, we found it full of people, but still they came until all standing room was taken up. Some one said they thought the Army was going down in Hamilton, but they had to exclaim, they were deceived, and so I should think they were, as the platform would not hold more than half of them. We went into the meeting with a swing, singing "Bless our Army," and so God did bless us wonderfully, as everybody exclaimed, it was old times over again. To God be all the Glory. The new barracks is going on well, and everything looks prosperous. Go in Hamilton. Comrades, live right and the work of God will go right, and Hamilton shall be saved. Hallelujah!

TORONTO DIVISION.

Leaving Hamilton I find myself steaming away for

PICKERING,

where it had been announced that a great Jubilee would be held. Here I met with Capt. Griffiths with his Great Grandfather, the Bass Fiddle. We had a most blessed time, and as we cast home it a burning realm of the Gospel, we could see many convicted. Press hard on the enemy Pickering comrades, and Jesus shall reign in place of sin.

NEWCASTLE.

We found a host of Blood and Fire warriors at Newcastle, strengthened by some from Bowmanville and Orono. Expectations ran high in the army for a blessed time, and for the defeat of the enemy. After some real red-hot stirring testimonies were given, and songs of praise were sung, we went into the prayer meeting feeling confident of victory, and as we wrestled with God, and sang, "I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me," some one shouted "Clear the way!" and out comes a volunteer

Crying for mercy.

Still we hang on, feeling there was someone else, and we were not disappointed, for out came another crying, "Lord save or I perish!" But before God would save him he found he must give up all, sod, putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out part of a plug of that slow poison stuff which defiles the body, and, of course, keeps out the Holy Spirit, and God set him at liberty. His own sister seeing he had got converted, came and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and Jesus put the kiss of reconciliation upon his forehead, and they both were able to bear testimony to the saving power of God. Our comrades here need a barracks very bad, but God is opening up the way for them

HAMPTON.

Upon arriving here I found a good number of Soldiers ready for open-air. Coming back to the barracks, we found it full. We had a splendid time, and many will yield before long, as the burning truths went home to their hearts. We could see they were convicted.

Port Perry.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday, good times. Three out for the blessing Sunday. Monday night Jubilee, reinforced by Officers and Soldiers from Uxbridge and Brooklin. We had a real Holy Ghost time, and one soul properly converted. Hallelujah!

Staff Capt. Sproonen.

WELLAND. — Cadet Diament. We can praise God this morning for victory the past week. Monday night's Holiness meeting grand, and mighty power all over the meeting. Sunday meetings grand all day, and one prodigal returned, making two for the week. We mean Welland for Jesus.

MARCHING SONG.

Original for the "War Cry."

By Jno. Hammond, Montreal.

Tune—"*Oh, so bright.*"

The Army here it marches on,
Marches on, marches on,
With timbrels, drums, Salvation song,
Marches on, marches on.
Salvation is our Army herald,
Proclaiming to a dying world,
The Blood and Fire in breeze unfurled,
On banner flying, banner flying.

The Army's watchword, till they die,
Is Victory, Victory.
On every page of their "War Cry,"
Reads Victory, Victory.
The Soldiers march in uniform,
They sound the note of grave alarm,
The citadel of vice they storm,
For Victory, Victory.

And in our ranks to march they form,
In plain attire, plain attire;
Salvation Lasses raise a shout
Of Blood and Fire, Blood and Fire.
Their hallelujah bonnets say,
Come, join our ranks and march away,
The devil's kingdom storm to day,
With Blood and Fire, Blood and Fire.

Though fires of persecution rage,
And missiles fly, missiles fly,
Our life blood flows as we engage,
We'll heroes die, heroes die.
Our weapons are not carnal here,
Our earthly foes we need not fear,
King Jesus He is always near.
Lo! missiles fly, missiles fly.

Come sinners, march with us to Heaven,
March away, march away;
Come now and get your sins forgiven,
March away, march away.
March with us to the pearly gate,
At Heaven's portals angels wait,
To conduct us to the King in State,
March away, march away.

BRONTE.—Lieut. Bellsmith. The old devil doesn't like us a bit. His servants are grumbling that we speak to plainly; but we mean to raise the glorious standard higher than ever.

One precious soul

for the week. Glory be to Jesus.

—[x]—

OREEMORE. — Lieut. Ham. We are marching on to war here in this place. It is a hard nut to crack, but still we keep pegging away with the hammer of love, and believe that those hard hearts can be softened by the love of God. We got encouragement yesterday to go on, by seeing

One precious soul

come to the Saviour. Hallelujah! Victory is sure if we live for it. We are going up in our own soul. Friday night's Holiness meeting, some public confessions. Some who had not been right in the past, went into the fountain and came out more determined to win the field for Jesus. Nothing but prayer and faith will bring the victory. The devil is very crafty here. He is by all appearances very quiet, and would like to be friendly enough to shake hands, but we understand him and don't intend to make up friends with him, but to oppose him right and left. He showed up a little yesterday but had to retreat, taking some of his victims, but left one on the battle field. Closed the week with one soul for our hire.

Riverside.

Riverside is going down, still we are on the war path, the devil mad, we are glad. Last Monday we felt that God wanted us to do something that would rouse the devil, so we told him if He would lead us we would follow. On Tuesday night grand time, one soul, glory to God. Wednesday we made some "War Cry" bonnets, lads and lasses all got them, and we sallied forth to face the foe, all on fire, jumping, shouting happy, stones and rotten cabbage, mud, lemon peel, and all the dirt the devil could find came flying at us, we felt it was a proper Salvation Army march, we marched about two miles, as we were kneeling in the ring praying the small boys kicking us we felt glad that they could not kick the Salvation out. How the mob howled, how God helped us to talk to them, we believe steadily ale e will reveal the good that was done. It was 2.30 when we got back to the hall, the a we had a blessed time. Thursday at it again as hot as ever, the devil at it too, God is teaching us how to fight. Friday a Holy Ghost time, all of us move us. Saturday night as we formed our ring for open-air, two Ministers of the gospel knelt with us and prayed, they also spoke in the ring to the sinners and wanted them to flee from the wrath to come. Sunday 7 o'clock the fire is burning, at 11 all on fire, some laughing, some crying, some shouting, some praying. The people wondering what all ment, we know we were filled with new wine. Afternoon we went out in the strength of our King, with our drum and timbrels beating, banners waving, palm branches waving, dinner bell ringing the people into our Father's house to the feast. It made us think of the entrance into Jerusalem, back we came to a packed hall, the devil left again as he said we would let us all our crowds if we made fools of ourselves like that. We say we will obey God rather than man. We had a Pentecostal shower, no one man under the power of God in the audience, some shouting, some laughing, some crying, the devil got afraid and ran—just like him the old monk. One man said when he heard the bell he wondered what the Army would do next. Well we don't know, but souls are saved. At night God still with us, how He did fill us with His love, how He did speak to the hearts of the people, many went home in misery. Lord smash them up. One man was at our meeting for the first time on Sunday night, some one told him it he would come it was as good as a cancer, but God sent home conviction, he went home feeling himself a sinner, he will be saved. One more son at Jesus feet, four killed, lots wounded.

Capt. Smith.

OSHAWA.—Capt. McIntyre. We are having good meetings. Tuesday was our first Soldiers meeting in this place, and we had a very powerful time, God was with us. On Wednesday as we couldn't get any place to hold our meeting we had it on the street, Soldiers turned out in good Army style, and I believe much good was done. On Friday holiness meeting two out for a clean heart, and one prodigal came home. Two more for holiness on Sunday, thank God they gave up feathers and all. We are having good crowds and very encouraging times. Closed the week with one soul and one prodigal. Hallelujah!

Twelve Months War Cry's

Neatly and Strongly bound, making a most interesting and useful Book, will be ready soon—very cheap—send in your orders.

NOW READY!

Splendid Memoriam Sheet of

STAFF-CAPT. EASTWOOD,

A.D.C. (deceased)

with Photo of himself, and also of grave, to hang up in Home or Barracks.

Price: 5 Cts. Order at once from your Captain.

Holiness Meetings

—AT—

RICHMOND STREET BARRACKS,

Every Friday Night,

CONDUCTED BY

The Commissioner

—AND—

Mrs. Coombs.

Salvation Songs

WITH MUSIC FOR

PIANOFORTE OR ORGAN,

No. I Book 75 cents; No. II Book 35 cents.

The two contains nearly all our songs.

GET BOTH.

AVIS.

L'Armée du Salut invite les parents où les amis en tous pays, s'intéressant à quelque jeune fille ou femme vivant dans l'immoralité, ou qui l'on aurait des raisons de croire en danger de tomber entre les mains ou sous l'influence de personnes immorales, d'écrire avec autant détails que possible à l'addresse ci-jointe, donnant l'age, le nom, et l'adresse de la personne interessee; joindre si possible la photographie. On peut écrire en quelque langue que ce soit. Les lettres de cette nature seront considerees comme strictement privées et doivent être addressées à

Mrs. Bramwell Booth,

101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

NOTICE.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known, or feared to be, living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write stating full particulars, with names, dates, and addresses of all concerned, and if possible a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

All letters, whether from these parents, or from *such women or girls themselves*, will be regarded as Strictly Confidential. They may be written in any language, and should be addressed to

Mrs. Bramwell Booth,

101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Help! Help!

Some of our comrades and friends have money out at interest in Savings Banks, etc. Why not lend it to us? We could give you interest on it, and the principal could be used in winning souls.

T IT AGAIN!

ther Glorious Opening.

ro, N.S. Captured.

commenced operations in this Sunday, 27th Sept., 1885. Large announced our opening fire and ck on

Sin, drink, and the devil.

crowds of people packed to see the enine, our hall was well filled in the morning, and afternoon and night crowded. quite a number of them coming simply to have a look at this strange Salvation Army, thinking we were a regiment of Soldiers. But ere we had closed our last meeting the spirit of God had done its work and stamped conviction on many a face. Some who came in to laugh went home to pray, and those who came to criticise were led to exclaim,

"This is of God."

They did not expect to see a band of men and women praying and pleading with them to accept Salvation, but thought we acted like a lot of clowns, leaping over seats, dancing, and making all kinds of games; but thank God they want away feeling that the power of God was in our midst. Although only

Four weak instruments

we were able to shake the kingdom of satan and make him begin to fear lest it would tumble down altogether. We commenced by having a grand march from our hall to an open space in front of some of the strongholds of the devil. A number of young men gathered around the corners, but kept a safe distance from us, I suppose they thought we were going to shoot them, so we are, but it's with

The Gospel gun.

Some singing, praying and warning to sinners and an invition to come along with us, and off we start back to our hall where we dealt out some straight truths. The meetings all day were a real success, splendid feeling amongst the people, a hearty shake of the hand, a God bless you, and we feel quite at home. We left Monday morning feeling sure that the people had been

Conquered by love,

and now what remains for us to do is to get them into the Fountain. We left Capt. R bisson in charge, praying that God might use him mightily in the Salvation of Truro.

Yours living for the Salvation of the world.

STAFF-CAPT. MORTON.

FROM

INTRE

SWITZERLAND.

(Translated from "En Avant," by C. T. P., Headquarters Staff.)

Salvation Among the Mountains—A Converted Drunkard's House turned into a Happy Home.

After an hours march over the hills and through the valleys we arrived at the house of our comrade Faye, who was converted some days before my arrival. Among other bondages he has been saved from the terrible sin of drunkenness. On that day

Six souls

passed from a theoretical religion to the assurance of Salvation from their sins through Jesus Christ. On the following Saturday

Four more souls

found Salvation in that same house. Truly the hand of God is with us, Hallelujah! On the same evening we had a good meeting at Chapelle, chairbar and kitchen were filled with people listening very attentively, although very much crowded, besides in the street there were about 60 who could not enter, but they remained there for more than two hours without moving. Yesterday, (Sunday) more than 100 persons presented themselves at knee-drill, and 260 as our two hours meeting in the afternoon and

One agonized soul

was given to Jesus. To Him alone be all the glory.

Capt. Jaeath.

WYOMING.—Capt. Hill. Praise God for another week of victory. We can say, the Lord of hosts has been leading, although the devil has been raging. God has been using the weak to confound the mighty. We have been cutting and slashing away at their hard hearts. Sunday meeting—from knee-drill to farewell—was grand, and drove the enemy back. While we farewelled to the people, many were bathed in tears, and

Two precious souls

farewelled to the devil, and came over on the Lord's side.

THE WARNING.

Original for the "War Cry."

By Clare, Gravely, London.

Reprinted by request.

Tune—"*Kitty Wells.*"

You ask what means this awful shouting,
Or why we, like others, don't keep still;
You say our work is all excitement,
And that we the madhouses will fill;
But we say no, our Lord has freed us,
From the guilt and power of sin;
And in His Word He plainly tells us,
To go out and bring the wanderers in.

CHORUS.

O will you, will you heed the warning,
You who profess to love His Word,
Remember on the great eternal morning,
Your talents will be wanted by the Lord.

You say we should not make such noises
With our music and our singing in the streets,
While folks have want to live so quietly,
And besides it is very indiscreet.
But my Saviour as He walked along the highway,
With the shout of loud hosannahs in the air,
Why the hypocrites and pharisees they rushed out,
Saying, Oh! what a noise I do declare.

We say we ones had on the bindings,
Of traditions, rights and ceremonies as well,
We eat at ease in spiritual blindness,
In ignorance fast turning down to hell;
But God in His glorious loving-kindness
By His spirit to us revealed the light,
Saying, Arise and buckle on the armor,
And follow me, which means to fight.

You may say what you like about our music,
Our modes, our uniforms and plans,
You have all tried your best to throw the Gospel
On the multitudes and masses of our lands.

But God in His wondrous revelation,
Now, as well as in the olden times,
Has called the poor fisherman and woman,
To catch fish on the hallelujah line.

STRATHROY.—Lieut. Rawling. Sunday morning at seven found us at our post like true warriors, for a fresh supply of ammunition, which we got and used to the best advantage. The devil felt the effects of it very much, for in the afternoon

One precious soul

gave herself to God and got gloriously saved and made happy. Many more felt their need of a Saviour, our prayer is, Lord save them. At night, we went in for a good Holy Ghost time, when one after another testified with joy beaming in their faces, for the Saviour whom they have found. When we were about to close the meeting,

One precious soul

decided for God and came right out on the Lord's side, making two for the week, and more to follow. Hallelujah!

OAKVILLE.

We are marching to conquer the foe;
Our flag Blood and Fire, we'll wave higher and higher,
While marching to conquer the foe.

We have had one of the grandest God glorifying and devil defeating times Oakville has ever known.

On Thursday night, as we came out more determined than ever to pull down Satan's kingdom and build up the dear Lord's, all went along smooth until we formed for the open-air, and as we dropped on our knees to thank God for His goodness to us, and to ask Him to save the unsaved of Oakville, the devil began to rage, and the leader of Appolyon's host came forward to acknowledge his master by blowing a horn, and he followed by showering the tomatoes and eggs upon us again, and by hooting at the top of their voices, so that nobody could hear a word that was said, but Father heard us and protected us from all harm, and, notwithstanding the showers of rotten fruit and stones, no one was hurt, and as we marched back to our barracks, we found it packed to the doors, and glory be to God, when the invitation was given, one poor soul came out and plunged into the fountain, and, just like Jesus, He sent her on her way rejoicing. We are believing for mighty victories. Look out for next report,

Lieut. Dyson.

NEW LOWELL.—Capt. Stacey. The fighting here has been very hard. The devil is raging and trying every means to annoy us and upset our meetings, but we know the reason, and that is because the work is going on. Powerful meetings and

One precious soul saved

and others deeply convicted. We are believing that God will smash them up so they cannot resist any longer, but will have to come. Some say they want to be saved, but they want to enjoy themselves a little longer in this world's pleasure and sport. Our prayer is that God may show them the danger in delaying and neglecting Salvation.

NEW GROUND!

Richmond Bombarded,

RAIN-STORMS AND SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

Another New Fort!

WHERE NEXT?

Why! Steele's Plain Standstead.

"Oh, I'm so glad it rained! So glad!" said a lady, as she rejoiced in a new found Saviour, kneeling at the penitent form at the

First Sunday afternoon

meeting in Richmond. It turned out that she had turned in out of the rain and was about to leave, but it poured so heavily outside that she stopped inside, and we

Poured so heavily inside,

the red-hot Gospel shot, that she was forced to take shelter at the Cross, and others was so glad it rained. Yes, she got converted in the Salvation Army, and two others who came out, as our comrades have something to encourage them in their new command, and many others, we believe, will find in Jesus

A shelter ing rock.

With Blood and fire, through mud and mire—verily, our Sherbrooke Soldiers are having quite an experience, and they will remember the march we led when the Minstrel was visiting us, when we specially found our

Boot polish disappearing

as we marched through the muddy streets, from and to the Drill Shed, and it was much the same in Richmond, but our Soldiers are not weather Christians, and were willing to march the streets through the rain in their guernseys. We were not disappointed as regards the crowds which gathered, some to welcome us and others out of curiosity.

Morning, afternoon and evening, we felt God was in our midst and moving upon the people, and

Melting Hard Many Hearts.

The testimonies that were given rejoiced our hearts. Some, who had taken up stones against us, are now in our ranks.

So on we march, every week going into some new place to wake up the dead, and to prove

A real terror to the devil.

This junction on the Grand Trunk railway, where so many trains meet; where there is so much coupling, shunting and loading of cars; where so many friends part and unite; where tickets are obtained for all parts of this country; this junction, I say, affords still greater conveniences for those who want to book for Glory.

We have started

An opposition line,

not to the Grand Trunk, but to sin. Yes! we have another station on the line to Heaven in a place, and some have already booked for

All the way.

Here are cars of prayer and faith going backwards and forwards to the Company's headquarters and central depot. Here, many collisions happen (and, indeed, are the rule and not the exception in the S. A. R.) many being killed and others seriously wounded. Many cars loaded with emigrants from different parts of world are being coupled here and sent off at full speed

On the up line,

in the service of the S. A. King, whereas, in the past, they served the devil.

Many of the passengers are to be heard singing,

"My old companions fare you well
I will not go with you to hell!"

and here many new acquaintances are formed and also, many old ones are severed. Although there are a great many difficulties in running a new railway, we are getting on well, and we believe we shall soon have a thriving Corps of Blood and Fire Soldiers.

God grant it.

We have had some good times in the Division, and shall open Stanstead on Sunday. That is Beebe's Plain. Look out for despatches.

STAFF-CAPT. YOUENS, D. O.

War Office, 284 Maria St.,
OTTAWA, ONT.

GET READY!

For Tremendous Saved Drunkards Demonstration in Toronto. Full particulars soon.

PRESTON.—Capt. Vansilen. Glory hallelujah! This morning still finds us able to sing.

"I am saved and very happy, and no more from Him I'll roam;
Jesus is my loving Saviour, God's my Father, Heaven's my home."

Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. We arrived in Preston last Thursday, and found that the old devil was going about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour. By the help of God we are determined to do what we can to protect and feed our Heavenly Father's lambs and sheep, and determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Sunday the meetings were very good, and we told of Jesus and His love. God blessed us, and we felt Him very precious to our souls, still our hearts were made sorry to see some come to Jesus. God bless and save the dear people of Preston.

St. Stephen, N. B.

Still Driving along. Two weeks ago we anchored in the harbor of St Stephen where we found the devil very busy, this being his headquarters for rum, there being twenty rum shops here, but, thank God, some of the customers are being awakened to a sense of their lost condition, and are coming to Jesus for pardon, and some say they are happier now then ever before. We had Light, Hudson with us Saturday night and Sunday, and as we marched out beating our drums and symbols, we put the devil to flight and saw the Scribes and Pharisees looking on with surprise, and respectable sinners turn up their eyes, and after toiling hard all day we drew in the net with

Twelve precious souls

added to our number, making

Forty-eight

in two weeks. All for Jesus, and more to follow. To God be all the honor and glory. Amen.

Capt. Degeire.

Carleton, N. B.

SINS OF YEARS ARE WASHED AWAY.

We are glad to tell that victory is on Israel's side. We had a special Holiness meeting in which we were reinforced by Capt. Jack Smith, Sist. Addie; also, Lieut. Hudson, of Toronto, who did good service for the King. We did rejoice to see

Seventy precious souls

weeping at the mercy seat to be freed from the power of sin, The Lord did hear and answer prayer. Hallelujah! Our marches of late have been grand, especially when the devil comes along and thinks the sidewalk is all his own, but victory is ours through the Blood. The devil is mad and I am glad. Thank God we have some real Blood and Fire Soldiers in Carleton, and, for example, we will tell you of one that was out on the train and had to lie over at the junction on Sunday, 65 miles from out of town, but, like a real Salvation Soldier, instead of sleeping on Saturday night, he came down to be in time for knee-drill on Sunday morning. We had a glorious day. Closed the week tired in body, but happy in being eleven professes to find the Saviour.

Yours to Win,

Capt. R. Gardiner.

LISGAR ST.—Capt. Lusk. Toronto 45th Corps is going up. It gladdened our hearts yesterday to welcome our friends Mr. Goodersham, Mr. Coatsworth, and the Rev. Mr. Brace, and Captain Burrell, also some dear Soldiers from Brampton who were welcomed by some real blood and fire Soldiers of the 45th Corps who also labored faithfully for the Master; though we did not reap we realized that their was good seed sown in the hearts of the dear people, the sower must wait till the harvest, he does not sow and reap all in one day. We feel we have sowed some good seed, we did what we could and left the seed in God's hands. We believe it will spring up and bare fruit to His honour and glory. Its the height of our ambition to save the world. In the past two weeks our hearts have rejoiced to see

Seven precious souls

weep their way to Calvary. May the Lord enable us to keep on in this good way and win many more for His Kingdom.

MONTREAL 1.—Capt. Cooper. We are glad to report good times here. Last Thursday we met at 3.30 to have a real blood and fire Salvation funeral, the first that has been in this city. One of our dear sisters passed away into the glory land to be with Jesus for ever, she has been a faithful Soldier of the Cross, and she has left a grand testimony behind, that she was going to rest in the fair and happy land. As we stood outside the hearse and sang and prayed we felt that God was moving on the hearts of the people. The procession started at 3.30 with about one hundred in the ranks, crowds of people followed us along the streets. We marched

Four miles

to the cemetery and placed our dear sister Mrs. M'Naughby under the sod. Where a deep impression was made upon the people hearts, and we feel sure will be revealed at the judgment day. We dealt with the people that stood around that grave, and many went on account of their sin. Look out for the life and experience of our comrade next week, the glorious death and triumphant entrance into the pearly gates. We closed the week with

Four precious souls,

whom we believe got Salvation. Pray for us comrades.

MITCHELL.—Capt. Gibbs. Praise God for real good meetings. The convicting spirit of God is working in the hearts of the dear people. Hallelujah! One dear sister had night professed to find peace through the merits of a crucified Redeemer. More to follow. In the strength of Jesus we fight and we are sure of victory. We are praying for it, believing for it, and working for it. Amen.

NEW MARKET.—Capt. Sweetman. Thank God we can shout victory again this week. Mighty victories are being won in this place, although the devil tries to hinder us yet we still march on. Wednesday we started for the (poor house) and there held Christ up to the dying people. At last one poor man wept his way to Calvary and got gloriously saved. Friday night grand. Sunday was a day long to be remembered, from 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night God's power was felt. We closed our week's labour with

One precious soul

in the Fountain, and one for cleansing. We mean New Market for Jesus. To God be all the glory.

EXETER.—Capt. Boyland. Victory! Victory! Victory! The past week has been one one of hard fighting, but thank God one of victory. The devil has tried in all sorts of ways to upset us. In the open-air he came in shape of rotten eggs and actually sat in a buggy and tried to back through our ranks, but he got defeated. Sunday our meetings were grand and powerful, men and women testifying to the saving and keeping power of Jesus with faces beaming with joy. We closed the week with

Four precious souls.

HARRISTON.—Captain Torrance. Praise God we can shout victory through the blood of the Lamb, though the devil and all the hosts of hell is raging here in Harriston, yet we thank God for His power and grace that He gives us every hour to withstand the powers of satan which is rising in every side, but we are fighting for Jesus who never lost a battle yet. This last week we have seen

Two precious souls

weep their way to Calvary. Glory to God for ever! Pray for us here in Harriston. Amen.

ST. CATHERINES.—Captain McHardy. We have not much to tell this week in the way of victory. On account of some of our comrades having been taken down with the small-pox our crowds have fallen from 8, 9, 10 and 11 hundred to 100, 75, and even as low as 25 of an audience. It seems as if we were deserted by all, but no, we hear a voice which says look up 'tis better on before. "So I am with you always." We can understand more than ever how Jesus must have felt as He was led to Pilates bar when all forsook Him, who a few days before were crying, Hosannah in the Highest. Yes, our experience has run a little in that line since coming here. People were saying how our marches, crowds and all was going up, and how some did sing,

"We will fight till we die and never run away,"

but when the test came, like Peter they deny their God and Master and leave a faithful few to stand the storm, and stand it we will, "For it won't be very long we will anchor bye-and-bye." The sight of a guernsey or bonnet causes to swear or an insult or something about small-pox to be thrown at the wearer, but we have a calm peace, a joy pure and strong. Remember that if we "suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him."

Though thorns and briers line the way,
And all seem dark where ones 'twas day,
My hand shall guide thee all the way;
'Tis I be not afraid.

When all thy flattering friends turn round,
Instead of smile they on thee frown,
Through slanderous lies behold the crown,
'Tis I be not afraid.

Last night a poor drunkard with bloodshot eyes and trembling steps strayed up to the Capt. as he was giving his experience and in a pitiful tone said, "Will you take a dinner in?" We were so glad to inform him that the drunkard may come, the swearer may come, backsliders and sinners are all welcome home. We are marching to conquer the foe.

WANTED

Soldiers who love God and perishing souls better than self, to sell "War Cry."

LAMBTON MILLS.—Lieut. Pean Hallelujah! This week two devil has been defeated, God glorified, and Heaven made to resound with the songs and rejoicing of angels over

Two precious souls

who had wandered from home and friends. With "God help us" as our prayer, and "Holiness unto the Lord" our life's motto, we shall get victory over the devil every time.

AYR.—Captain Armstrong. Praise God for a week of victory. We took charge here on Thursday and found a lot of real blood and fire Soldiers ready to welcome us. Friday night Holiness meeting good to our souls. On Saturday night the devil thought he was going to upset us by firing two stones through one of the windows, and Sunday a couple of panes of glass, but he missed his mark, it only made us more determined to go in and turn him, and before the end of the meeting his followers saw what a mighty king we were serving. Sunday all day from 8 o'clock till Salvation meeting grand. God blessed us in the open-air, you would usually took that awful drum out for an airing twice on Sunday, the devil was surprised and did not know what to do, but he kept quiet. But at night praise God victory was on Israel's side.

One precious soul

came weeping his way to Calvary, and just like our precious Jesus He pardoned all his sins and sent him away rejoicing. We are believing for greater victories. Look out for next report.

Wanted!

5,000 TO JOIN IT AT ONCE!

—WHAT?—

THE AUXILIARY LEAGUE

For Canada.

We believe there are many love God and the Army, but there is something that keeps them from donning the uniform and coming to the front, and bearing the brunt of the battle, but all the same wish to help forward the work of soul saving. Then again we believe there are many who have never done anything really to help forward the

Cause of the Blessed Master;

but now have the chance of doing so by sending along either $2.00 as a quarterly subscription, or $5.00 for the year, commencing at any time, for which proper official receipt will be forwarded, together with ticket of membership, and all other necessary information.

What a Privelege

to think that you are helping forward a movement that is saving hundreds of souls every week from the grasp of the wicked one, and to know that we are advancing so rapidly all over the world, and especially at home here in Canada. We are being called for from the North, South, East and West; and to give an ear and a hand to this

Bitter Cry

we need your help, and we are sure in helping us you are helping God, and He will abundantly reward you.

The Advantages of the League.

Every Auxiliary will have mailed to him the "War Cry," and also a badge of membership, which entitles you to the direct sympathy of and recognition from all Salvation Soldiers and Corps; a copy of the Yearly Advance and Balance Sheet of the Forces in Canada; and all information, if required, concerning the Army's works and progress.

Any further particulars wanted, may be had by writing to

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Auxiliary Department,
13 Rather Street,
Toronto, Ont.

One of Two Ways.

We are always glad to receive any reports or comments etc., which may appear in any newspaper. But our officers and friends would oblige us much by adopting one of the following plans.

1. To mark the paragraph which refers to the Salvation Army, when they send the whole paper. It often takes quite a while for us to find it out.

2. To cut the paragraph out gum it on a piece of white paper, and write at the heading the name and date of paper. The last course we prefer.

Barracks Wanted.

We are still in want of more Barrack accommodation all over the Dominion, in every town and village.

Many of our Soldiers and friends could help me very much if they would drop a sharp look-out for buildings likely to suit, such as old churches, skating rinks, music halls, theatres, circuses, markets, or warehouses, and immediately on hearing of such premises to write at once, with any information which can be got together.

The Commissioner,
Property Department
220 Queen Street West,
Toronto, Ont.

ALL ROUND.

BY SIGMA.

One of our Soldiers at L——, who contracted a heavy debt before he got saved, through drunkenness, is paying the old score off: his wife is pulling away at the wash tub to help him. Both are saved and going on a new kind of score now.

I hear of two Officers in the Dominion, who have been imitating our comrades in India. Having their meals on the floor, used a "War Cry" for a floor cloth, frying pan for a kettle, a jug for a teapot, a packing box for a cupboard, and the bare floor for a bed. God bless them wherever they are. We could gladly forward a consignment of that kind of furniture to Head-quarters.

Staff-Capt. Schaeff writes from Zurich, that they are having terrible rough times there, being turned out of their barracks; but, notwithstanding all, fifty souls have been washed in the blood.

Captain Wiggins and the little crew who went to Dr. Orville, have all been summoned and sent to jail for ten days, for breaking the Sabbath by marching and singing for Jesus.

Of course, we have sent reinforcements. Pray for them.

Our Hamilton Heroes have been having a lively time lately. Songs, bruised legs and black eyes have been the ornaments presented to some of the Soldiers who are marching along under the same time, the New Barracks are rapidly progressing.

Durban, Natal, has been attacked by the Salvation Army. "A tremendous stir is being made, and summer sun coming in the fountain. Hallelujah!

Our comrade, James Layland, of the Norwich Corps, who was converted in the first Corps of the Salvation Army, Whitechapel, London, several years ago, was killed by a train a few days ago. He is now in glory.

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and said, after he had gone through a few of his unanswered mail of his in attempt to do what he had to, but result to it, "I suppose that we and Jesus and God are bosom friends?" I was happy to answer "Yes." And there is a song worthy of note here, and which the lawyer supposed the Saviour sang in his life. Just look at some money get saved soon; he would make a good drummer. The Lord save him, is the prayer of

SARAH.

A coloured man got up in our meeting the other night, and said, "I was converted under Mrs. Booth in the Maryleone Theatre nine years ago; and, although I am a cook at an hotel, I still love Jesus, and serve Him." Do our converts stand? *Melbourne Cry.*

How to give away pearls. A lady posted a "War Cry" to one friend. The next day she received Easter, saying her friend had got converted through reading the "War Cry." This was good return for her trouble and money.

Thousands of our readers should go and do likewise.

A Portuguese gentleman went to Paris for a round of theatre going and dissipation. He strolled into the Hall from curiosity, and the truth laid hold of him, and now he is back again to Portugal employing his wealth and his talents in pressing the good things which had brought happiness to himself.

An Officer on Major Tucker's Staff writes in the Indian "War Cry":—

"A Cadichalee's Form arrived at Headquarters to-day. In the space which is left for the Officer to say what he knows of the applicant, the Divisional Officer has summed up his opinion of the man's character in these words — 'A praying man.'"

"A good recommendation that! I wonder if it could be truly said of you."

"If you climb too high you may expect a fall."

"If you keep low God will lift you up."

"If you run after the pence, you will not have to run long."

"If you fill your purse with riches, you will never catch fire in it."

Coupon free on Terswater Oct 20

BRESCOTT.—Capt. Mitchell. Our meetings have been good, especially Sunday's. Our hearts were filled with joy on Sunday last, when a little orphan girl [illegible] old, stood up [illegible] Lord." One [illegible] (and I am [illegible] fears [illegible] all [illegible] yet [illegible] Bay we come to [illegible]

On a Devil Hunt

BARRIE DIVISION.

After leaving the Lindsay lion slayers Monday morning, away to Headquarters as fast as the iron horse could howl along, a few hours in the office and sunset finds us anxiously waiting the cars for the north. A quick run of forty miles and night has scarcely set in when we find ourselves in the midst of the

Aurora Avalanches.

Shake hands? Couldn't think of doing such a thing on us! Battle is the order of the day. Hallelujah! Off we go United two real racers for Scarboro, oh what a drive, and what a night, darkness that might be felt, hold fast with both hands and breath hard as brass, bump, from rut to rut we go, Lieut. Adams holds the lines, but one Father had charge of the team, or beyond a doubt our journey must have ended in glory instead of

Schomberg.

It was a real devil chase and turned out well. We find our Schomberg Scouts well into the meeting, and the grand old chorus rings out as we enter,

"I believe we shall win."

Why yes of course we will, our Leader knows no defeat, so we lay hold in mighty faith and believe for the victory. Step into it we go, volley, chorus, volley again, and then a straight shot, from one or the other, and chorus again. Fun for the boys at first, but by and bye the laughter ceases, and tears begin to flow. The devil had two dupes properly primed at the rear of his forces to distract attention, but no use, conviction settles down on many hearts and the blessed Spirit works to its own way. At last one yields and gives up all to Jesus, and the devil fearful of further results suddenly withdraws his brigade. Things are going up here and provides well. Lieut. Fraz has a good grip on the situation and with a lot of prayer, faith, and hard work Schomberg will soon be well

Seasoned with Salvation salt.

Another long drive through the darkness and cold, but hearts were warmed with heavenly love and lightened from the burden of sin, and songs of victory whiled away the time, many a sinner turned uneasily on their beds no doubt at the sound of our voices. But praise God we mean to advertise Salvation night and day until the world is full of it. As the lecture rest, some business, a little talk and prayer with our comrades at Aurora and we take the route for

Bradford,

here we find Capt. Moyer and Cadet holding the fort against heavy odds, as only Hallelujah lasses filled with power of God know how. A handful of Soldiers in the march, but what we lacked in numbers we gained in zeal, and a real Army open-air was used to fill the barracks. A time of real power, and conviction was intense, pallid cheeks, drooping eyelids, and tear stained faces showed that real hard hearts were softened, but stubborn wills like theirs are not subdued in a single meeting, and we left the matter in our Father's hands content with the evidences of duty blessed in its discharge. Wednesday finds us in another cross country skirmish at

Deerhurst.

Here we were painfully reminded of the burdens of the Ministry on being confronted with a pulpit, but we felt it was an unnecessary cross and so consigned it to the rear of the platform, and having cleansed the stage went in for a pitched battle all over the shop. We found our comrades here carrying on the fight with pluck and determination, a Salvation which after a hard days threshing brings Soldiers six or eight miles across country to look after souls is a power before which something has to give way. Found away Deerhurst, it's the continual dropping of the water that wears the stone away. Keep on doing it and you will win. Hallelujah! Thursday finds us amongst the

Strond stickers,

but not stickers in the mud or that march we did have finished them, not withstanding mud and rain we had a real good march, and a powerful time inside though the crowd was small on account of the wet. Good work is going on here. Soldiers bids and big are going in as though they meant business. Tom and the Collier are down deep for dusky diamonds to be polished for the King's crown. Friday we dropped our Strond comrades at

Barrie

to have a "bun feed," with the COMMISSIONER and D. O., previous to big time with the devil at night, while we speed on as fast as steam and iron could carry us for the pineries in the north. Round the margin of Barrie Bay with a flash; and we suddenly find ourselves in the pine woods between it and Georgian Bay. Every stopping place we see crowds of stalwart lumbermen and bright looking lads, and the cry goes up from our hearts for their Salvation. We must have these people for our King, have in material for a mighty host. The time [illegible] send along and means to bring them to the [illegible] fact, at last [illegible] the margin [illegible] Bay we come to

Midland,

and find Capt. Kemp and Cadet well saved, and putting in their best licks for the King Jesus. A good march, this on the dark streets, and an open air to a good crowd, the devil taking advantage of the dark created quite a rustle amongst the small boys, but notwithstanding some well red hot shots were poured into the camp of Satan. Lancers and quite a crowd followed us to the barracks. A kind friend sent a dozen lunches along so in future the probabilities are that the open air will receive better attention, the small boy devil is terrible scared of light. A good crowd and comfortable time inside, everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of the meeting, a crowd of dear lads gave us the best attention, and we know hearts were moved as the Spirit of sinners was laid up. Go in Midlanders, we must have these boys for Jesus, you have done well but God has greater things in store for you. An [illegible] on Saturday brings us to

Coldwater

a bit of Holy Ghost will soon make this water hot. Found Captain sick and obliged to leave, a candidate holding on, spent a blessed Sabbath with our comrades here, and had glorious meetings. There is a splendid field here and a good work has been done, and with a baptism of stick-at-it-iveness and unity about pluck this Corps is going to accomplish big things for the King. Daylight finds us rushing on to meet our comrades the

Orillia

post-and-outs. Believing for a mighty time.

Yours chasing the devil,
Special A. Sumner.

WE WILL CONQUER.

Original for the War Cry.

By E. W., St. John, N. C.

Tune.—"*We are out on the ocean sailing.*"

Hasten Soldiers into battle,
Satan's hosts are in the field;
Many precious souls destroying,
While you wait, their doom is sealed.

CHORUS.

Soon we'll conquer old sin's dominion,
Caring not for the world's opinion;
In the strength of the Lord we're fighting,
And we're bound to win the day.

See the millions round us going,
On the road to endless woe;
Death eternal is their portion,
Let us to their rescue go.

Think of all that Jesus suffered,
To redeem those souls from hell;
Soldiers, in the fight be earnest,
Oft the "Old, old story tell."

Jesus loves the greatest sinner,
For the lost He came to die;
He has saved us, Hallelujah!
He has brought Salvation nigh.

Let the devil rage, he'll never
Harm us, for we are secure;
God is mighty to deliver,
And we know the victory's sure.

Oh! poor wanderer in sin's desert,
Come and join this happy throng;
Trusting in the precious Saviour,
You may sing the saved ones song.

GANANOQUE.—Capt. Cowan. Hallelujah! Praise God for another week of fighting in which we have proved that God is on our side. On Wednesday night we had a powerful time, and three backsliders came home longing for the smile of their Father once again. On Tuesday night we had a trades union, and the Soldiers all came bringing some tool used in their different trades, it really did look enough to disgust the respectable devil; one carried a large sledge hammer, another a box, another a brick, a large saw was carried by another. Oh how the boys screamed and hooted as we held our open-air, but the glory came thrilling our souls as we told what a wonderful, everyday Saviour Jesus is. Had a grand crowd, one brother as he held up his hammer said, friends as I look at this hammer it brings to my mind how many dollars I've earned with it, but its all been spent in the service of the devil, but I'm determined that every dollar I earn now shall be spent for Jesus, its stood more pressure than any other hammer I've had because its made of double refined steel, that's what I want to be —double refined. Another said: I have nails, I used to curse if anything went wrong, but now I shout Hallelujah! Sunday night's meeting we could feel the Holy Spirit working in the meeting, souls were weeping, one dear Christian shouted and clapped her hands for joy, deep conviction. We prayed for everyone out of the barracks. One dear backslider wept and groaned at the penitent form. Glory be to Jesus.

GLENCOE.—Lieut. Rees. Wednesday was a grand day to our souls, beginning at knee drill. Holiness meeting every Soldier rooms crated themselves to God. In the afternoon we marched to the grave yard, where we left the remains of one of our dear little babies, who is now resting sweetly in the arms of Jesus. We took the opportunity and thanked God for it, of entreating that vast crowd of people to get ready to meet our sweet baby in Heaven. We felt the presence of God, and we believe there was a work done there. Evening meeting grand, two prodigals returned.

London Division.

Inspection of Troops

—AT—

EXETER,
WOODSTOCK,
—AND—
RIDGETOWN.

Exeter

was the next place to have a battle with the powers of darkness, Mrs. Woolley and myself to the front, with a few faithful warriors who have stuck true to their posts through good and evil reports. All day Sunday and Monday we fired away with good effect into the enemy's ranks, and had glorious meetings throughout. The Corps has had some real hard tugging with the devil and his hosts in every shape and form, the devil's hosts prophesying of course the downfall of the Army, but they are still alive and more like living than ever, in fact they can't die for the life that is in them. From here we sped off to see

The Woodstock cranks,

helped by the Ingersoll braves and other warriors from Norwich and Simcoe, who were having a

Hallelujah cup of Tea

together, and to see a part of the Hallelujah family together, how happy they were, what smiling faces, what glad hearts, we could not help but think what a day it will be when we all meet together never to part no more. What Hallelujah's will rend the air, oh it's glory, the very thoughts of it. We praised the Lord after every person had done justice at the tables. We started for the open-air and grand it was too, except the wind which nearly covered our hosts in some places, but glory we forgot all about it with thinking about the golden streets we were going to walk on presently, beside, well, the jubilee was just indiscribable, as one and another told of past and present victories over the old devil, it must indeed have made him grin, for Hallelujah, it made us shout. The

All night of prayer,

the devil didn't like, but we did tremendously, we came four or five dozen men and women had all their sins washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and at the close we all felt in our souls, glory to God in the highest. Scarcely had we time to have a proper nap than we had to be up and off again for about 100 miles to

Ridgetown

to open a new place for the Army, (not one of our own, I wish it was) but still we very thankful to get a decent kind of place at all, as the place we have been using to thrash the devil in is a small dingy little store, but however the devil has been well thrashed here, lots of souls blessed and saved. Hallelujah! But now we are believing the devil will catch a lot worse as we have lots more room. May He help us all. Amen.

Yours in the Fountain,

Staff-Capt. Woolley, A.D.C.

WHERE WERE YOU AT 12 30?

NEWBURY.—Praise God because we are nicely saved this morning, and marching on in the strength of our King. Good meetings all week. Sunday morning, a few of us gathered together for knee-drill. The Lord did come in and abundantly bless our souls. Good meetings all day. At night the crowning time when two prodigals that had grown weary of wandering far away from home, and had their all on the altar. Victory or death is our motto. Lieut. Howard.

LONDON.—Capt. Gilroy. The wonderous love of God has been proved this this week. Souls has been crying for mercy at every meeting. Hallelujah! On Saturday night, one man came and told Jesus all his life of debauchery, and wept and wrestled and prayed till light came, filling his poor soul. Glory! Glory! was his cry. The Blood was cleansing. Hallelujah! The old devil is defeated every time by the Blood. Two more little boys came, and as their prayers went up for pardon, we are sure Heaven bent over to welcome the words, and the first words one of them said were, "Come and get my brother saved." So like the new-born soul, when it tastes how good it is it wants everybody also to come too. Glory to God! Victory is ours, and every day we are proving Jesus is mighty to keep.

BRACEBRIDGE. — Captain Mayer. We can praise God for victory. We are still marching along to conquer the foe. We can praise God for

One soul.

We mean to be true.

LEAKARD.—Lieut. Moy. When we were about to close the meeting Sunday night, one soul arose to His feet and said he would not let this opportunity pass, and came forward for pardoning, afterwards testified to God's saving power. Praise God for volunteers.

SOSSEN, N. B.—Capt. Armstrong. Four precious souls seeking Salvation. Hallelujah! The past week has been one of tough fighting, but a very happy one. Praise God for what he is doing. We can rejoice over victory on Israel's side, though the people seem gospel hardened. The power of God can and does strike the hardest hearts, and pierce the sinners through, and stabs the cry I yield, I yield, oh save me through and through. Praise His name. Soldiers are feeling their need of living at the Saviour's feet. We are going in for more Holy Ghost power. Oh Lord let it come in answer to the prayer of our hearts, then we know that Satan shall be won for Jesus. We mean death or victory.

Coming Events.

The Commissioner

WITH

Staff-Capt. Young, D.O.

And the

WELSH MINSTREL

with Concertina, Fiddle and Big Bass, will hold

BIG Demonstrations

As follows.

Peel, Banquet and Jubilee, Oct. 21st.

Ottawa, Holiness Convention and Presentation, 22nd.

Cookshire, Monster Jubilee, 23rd.

Sherbrooke, Banquet & Jubilee, Salvation Meetings, 24th a d 25th.

Trenton, 26th

Halifax Presentation, 31st Salvation Meetings Nov. 1 Holiness Convention, Banquet and Jubilee, Nov 2nd

Truro, Holiness Convention & Presentation, Nov. 3rd.

Sussex, Banquet & Jubilee, 4th.

Fredericton, Holiness Convention and Presentation, 5th

St Stephen, Presentation, 6th

Carleton, Monster Jubilee, 7th

St. John, Special Salvation Meetings, 8th, Holiness Convention, Banquet and Jubilee, 9th

Moncton, Officers Council, Banquet and Jubilee, and half-night of Prayer, 10th

More to follow.

Everybody pray for mighty times.

Look Out

for a rousing "New and original" musical and poetical composition, by Prof. Geo. W——, D.A.S.A.

It has been impossible to insert this composition as yet, but we hope to have it for our next issue.

TO OUR POETS.

We are in want of some really good original Salvation, Holiness, Hallelujah, and War songs, set to good popular tunes. Ask God to baptize your poetical powers, then let us hear from your sharp.

If at first you don't succeed in getting your song in the Cry, "Try, try, try again."

A Serviceable Organ

suitable for sitting room, very cheap, can be had upon application to

The COMMISSIONER,
15 Esther St.,
Toronto.

YOU SHOULD GET

"All the World."

It is a most interesting paper, and will be mailed free every month for 60 cts. per year.

Doctrines and Discipline.

Every Officer, Cadet and Candidate should read and study until they know it by heart all the way through. Price 15 cts.

UNIFORM!

Stock of Sergeant's stripes, to sew on arms of coat, now ready. 25 cents per pair.

SCOUT LOCKE

is now travelling with our publications, "War Cry" etc., in Northern Barrie Division, and Muskoka Lakes District.

ALL OFFICERS

please give him a hearty welcome to your meetings.

SALUTE! SALUTE!

Seeing that the Hallelujah Canadian family has grown so big that it is impossible for all the Officers and Soldiers to shake hands when meeting each other in the streets or in the barracks. It was decided in the big Council that they should salute each other.

We rely on every Officer to teach their Soldiers from us, as that friendly feeling can be expressed to everyone without offence, and the waste of a great deal of valuable time.

Read! Read! Read!

Will our friends who have promised donations towards the Temple and Montreal Barracks, send along the cash as soon as possible to

THE COMMISSIONER.

Candidates.

The COMMISSIONER is desirous that all who attended the meeting for them at the Council, should at once write their applications, and say others who wish to devote their lives to saving souls, to him as 15 Esther-Street.

JUST TO HAND.

Life of Nelson—An old fashioned salvationist. Price 35cts.

Funny's Lectures.—Every Officer should get this. Price 10cts.

Cradle of Error—Being a description of the work done in our Clapton Training Home. By an American Lady. Price 25cts. Cloth Boards 35cts.

Music for Brass Bands

Band Books—With 88 popular Salvation Army Tunes arranged in separate books for all the different instruments. Price 25cts.

The following Sheets of Lithographic Music now ready.

Sheet No. 1.—"Steadily marching on." "I will follow Thee my Saviour." "Never to cease back my prayer."

Sheet No. 2.—"Shout aloud Salvation." "Glory of the Lord." "Prepare to meet thy God."

Sheet No. 3.—"Full Surrender." "Living waters flowing." Come to the Saviour." "Bleeding Lamb."

Sheet No. 4.—"Down the form of darkness." "At the Cross where I first the light." "Oh I'm glad I'm ready."

Sheet No. 5.—"Oh, what battles I've been in." "Marching on." "Edna above."

Sheet No. 6.—"I can, I will His Promise claim." With pealing horn."

Sheet No. 7.—"Rolled away." "Lily of the valley." "No other Argument."

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